POETRY.

Revelations of the Divine.

BY REV. THOMAS L. HARRIS.

Not in the thunder-peal that shakes the Heaven,
Not in the shoutings of the mighty sea;
Not where the fire-wave rolls from mountains riven;
Not where the desolating whirlwinds flee;
Not in the seasons with their changeful glories;
Not in the crash of elemental wars;
Not where the crystal streamlets chime their stories; [stars;—
Not in the skies, with sun, and moon, and
Not there alone resounds the hymn supernal,
Struck from the silence by Almighty wings;
Not there alone ring forth the truths eternal
Breathed by the spirit of the King of kings!

Though Nature is a robe of lightnings woven,
Most beautiful and radiant to see,
And registers in each progressive motion
The beatings of the Heart of Deity;
Yet in its glow His loftiest revelations
Of will and essence never have been made;
His voice, that thrills and cheers the listening nations,
Comes not with blazonry of sense arrayed;
It ripples, veiled in everlasting splendor,
Through veins where Deity hath ever ran,
And leapeth forth, majestic, grand and tender,
From child-like lips and Heaven-bright Soul of Man!

Not they who arrogate the name 'Reformer,'
Yet light Heaven's altar with unhallowed fire;
Not they who stand like saints at every corner,
Masking their boastful hearts in white attire;
Not they who, thralled by sense, voluptuous breathings
Call from the lyre as pours melodious wine;
Not they whose lips are curled with serpent wreathings,
Who fetter with a creed the love Divine;
Not they who follow in the train of fashion,
Or cringe to pain the Popular applause;
Not they enslaved by Luxury or Passion,
May teach mankind the universal laws.

They who have born the Cross, the scorn, the sorrow,
Enduring all things with forgiving love;
They who would nought from scrolls of falsehood borrow,
Waiting the revelation from above;
They who have faltered not when friend grew foe-man,
But trod through martyr-flames their noble way;
Those who have waver'd not when rose-lip'd Woman
Would lead them with her blandishments astray;
They who have ministered at Truth's pure altar,
And in the ways of perfect virtue trod,
They breathe, in tones that may not change or falter,
To Man, the burning oracles of God!

God speaketh in their lives of truth and beauty;
God speaketh in their growing words of fire;
God speaketh in their acts of love and duty;
And noiseless charities that never tire:—
And haloed round with everlasting lustre
They shine, transfigured in the might of soul:—
And thronging generations round them cluster
To hear the music from their spirits roll.
For them Earth smiles more joyfully and fairer;
Each word of Truth and Love lives on for aye;
Each heart-beat of their life to Man brings nearer
The glorious morning of the perfect Day!

To a Stepchild.

Thou art not mine:—the golden locks that cluster
Round thy broad brow—
Thy blue eyes with their soft and liquid lustre,
And cheek of snow,
E'en the strange sadness on thy infant features,
Blending with love
Are hers whose mournful eyes seem sadly bending
On her lost dove.

Thou art not mine:—upon thy sweet lip lingers
Thy mother's smile;
And while I press thy soft and baby fingers
In mine the while—
In the deep eyes so trustfully upraising
Their light to mine—
I deem the spirit of thy mother gazing
To my soul's shrine.

They ask me, with their meek and soft beseeching,
A mother's care;
And ask a mother's kind and patient teaching,
A mother's prayer—
Not mine—yet dear to me, fair fragrant blossom
Of a fair tree—
Crushed to the earth in life's most glorious summer,
Thou'rt dear to me.

Child of the lost, the buried and the sainted,
I call thee mine,
Till fairer still with tears and sin untainted,
Her home be thine.

The Cottage Home.

A light is shining brightly,
Within a cottage home,
And hearts are beating lightly
As 'neath a princely dome.

A cheerful fire is glowing
And sparkling on the hearth,
Its warmth and brightness throwing
On innocence and mirth.

A little bird is singing
Sweet melody, and rare;
Its joyous tones are ringing
Like silver through the air.

A laughing boy is sitting
Upon his mother's lap,
While she is neatly fitting
A feather in his cap.

A little girl is creeping
Upon the white oak floor,
Or at her brother peeping,
Behind the kitchen door.

Their shouts of laughter ringing
So merrily and clear,—
From hearts of joy up-springing,
Fall pleasant on the ear.

"Dear papa," too, is smiling,
Upon the lovely scene;
His evening hours beguiling
With happiness, I ween.

And happy is that mother,
Though humble be her lot:
For love to one another,
Is cherished in the cot.

The love which dieth never,—
The sympathy of hearts,
Whom God hath bound together,—
A bond which never parts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the (Cincinnati) Gentleman's Magazine.

Cincinnati in 1800.

BY JACOB BURNET.

This beautiful city, noted for the splendor of its buildings and the many societies of learning and religion which it contains—has arisen from the wilderness within a comparatively brief period of time—little over half a century. In the summer of 1788, Matthias Denman, who had purchased of John Cleves Symmes the fraction of land opposite the mouth of Licking river, visited his purchase for the purpose of examining its situation, and the advantages afforded by the surrounding country. Having satisfied himself that he possessed an eligible spot for the location of a city, he returned to Limestone, and entered into negotiations with Col. Patterson and a Mr. Filson. A co-partnership was at length entered into, (each agreeing to pay Denman a third of the purchase money,) by which Col. Patterson was bound to exert his influence in obtaining settlers, and Filson to survey the contemplated town in the ensuing spring, stake off the lots, and superintend the sale. A plan of the town was drafted, and the name Losanteville, from *le os ante ville*, "the village opposite the mouth," adopted. A more correct translation would unquestionably be, the mouth before the village. Be this as it may, the settlement then formed, was immediately designated by the name of the projected town, although the town itself was never laid out. From these facts a somewhat general belief has prevailed that the original name of the city of Cincinnati was Losanteville, and that through the influence of Gov. St. Clair and others, the name was abandoned and the name of Cincinnati substituted. This impression, although a natural one, is nevertheless erroneous, as the reader will discover by the subsequent course of events.

Patterson and Filson, with a party of settlers, proceeded to the mouth of the Licking, where they arrived late in December. About this time, Mr. Filson accompanied Judge Symmes on an exploring expedition. The party had advanced but thirty or forty miles in the wilderness when Filson, without assigning any cause, determined to return, but was killed by the Indians before he reached the Ohio. No part of the consideration having been paid, his contract with Denman terminated at his death.

Mr. Denman, being yet at Limestone, immediately entered into another contract with Col. Patterson and Israel Ludlow, by which the latter was to perform the duties which had been required of the unfortunate Filson. A new plan of a town was formed, differing materially from the former, both in respect to the public square and the names of the streets. The name of Losanteville also was rejected, and that of Cincinnati substituted. Late in the succeeding autumn, Col. Ludlow commenced a survey of the town, which has since become the Queen City of the West.

Such is a brief outline of the projection of this great city. I will now pass over a period of some years, and direct the attention of the reader to its appearance upon my arrival, near the close of the eighteenth century. At that time Cincinnati was a small village of log cabins, with a few rough, unfinished frame houses with their huge projecting stone chimneys, scattered here and there. Not a brick had then been made in the place where now can be seen so many splendid edifices, and where a population is found estimated at nearly one hundred thousand souls.

The city stands on a lower and upper plane. The lower plane extends back from the river about sixty-five or seventy rods, and is about sixty feet above low water mark. The upper plane is about forty feet higher than the lower and extends north, an average distance of a mile and a half to the bottom of the hills. For several years subsequent to the laying out of the town, the surface of the ground at the base of the upper level was lower than on the margin of the river; in consequence of which a morass was formed which extended the entire length of the town, and subjected the inhabitants during the summer months to ague and fever.

Fort Washington was the most conspicuous object in the city. This structure stood between Third and Fourth streets, East of Broadway, which was then under the name of Eastern Row, the Eastern boundary of the town. It consisted of several strongly built, hewed log cabins, one story and a half in height, designed for the soldiers' barracks. The better finished of these cabins were employed as officers' quarters. They were so arrayed as to form a hollow square, embracing about an acre of ground with a strong block-house at each angle, which was composed of large logs, cut from the ground upon which it stood. The artificers' yard contained about two acres, upon which were small buildings used as workshops and laborers' quarters. Here also was situated the "yellow house," a building designed for the Quarter-Master General.

Immediately behind the fort was a frame house occupied by Col. Sargent, Secretary of the Territory. On the East side of the fort, Dr. Allison, the Surgeon-General of the army, had a frame dwelling, surrounded by a spacious garden under high cultivation, which was called "Peach Grove."

The Presbyterian Church stood on Main street, in front of the large brick building now occupied by the First Presbyterian Congregation. It was a frame forty feet by thirty, enclosed with clap-boards, but otherwise rough and unfinished. The floor was boat plank, laid loosely on the sleepers, and the seats of the same material supported by blocks of wood. In this edifice the pioneers and their families assembled for the purpose of worship, and during the continuance of the war, they always attended with loaded rifles. This building was subsequently sold to Judge Burke, and till a very short time ago, stood in front of his dwelling on Vine street.

Opposite where now St. Paul's Church stands, was the school house, a rude frame building, enclosed, but not finished, yet the place, perhaps, where many of the talented men of Cincinnati received the rudiments of their education.

On the North side of the Public Square was the jail—a rough, though strong log building. At the tavern of George Avery, near the frog-pond, a room had been procured for the Courts; while the Pillory, Stocks and Whipping-post, and occasionally a gallows ornamented the adjacent grounds.

These public buildings and a few frame houses and log cabins completed Cincinnati in the year 1800. Since that time they have all passed away, with the exception of two or three frame buildings which have been so completely altered as scarcely to leave a vestige of their first appearance. A pond which existed at the corner of Main and Fifth streets, was full of alder bushes, and furnished from the frogs which it contained, a nightly serenade to the neighborhood. To pass it, a causeway of logs was constructed, where now stately edifices are reared in the midst of the business part of the city. The Fort was commanded by William Henry Harrison, a captain in the army, but destined afterwards to be President of the United States.

There was a printing press in the town, upon which was printed the *Maxwell code of laws*, being the first printing executed in the North-Western Territory.

There has been some dispute lately about the original price paid for the plot of land upon which the city stands. Mr. Denman purchase one section and a fraction, for which he paid a specie price of fifteen pence per acre. From this, a calculation can be easily made of the original cost of the plat of Cincinnati.

But half a century has passed over the little village at the mouth of the Licking river, and like the work of enchantment, this town is converted into a vast city, with its hundred thousand inhabitants. Its fame is spread over Europe, and thousands are emigrating here to join their brethren, and to live where freedom of opinion is tolerated and respected, and where the necessaries of life are brought in abundance to our very doors at a price merely nominal. Where log cabins were thinly scattered about, stately buildings are reared in solid blocks, containing the wealth and handiwork of Europe. All of these changes have occurred since, within the memory of man, the country was a howling wilderness.

The persons who flourished during the time of the infancy of this city, are nearly all passed away. But a very few of them are remaining, and they, in the ordinary course of circumstances, can last but a brief time.

The Indian Chief.

The following beautiful story is literally true, and was first published in a lecture delivered by William Tracy, Esq., of Utica, on the early history of Oneida county, New York.

One of the first settlers of Western New York was Judge W——, who established himself at Whitestown, about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him—among whom was a widowed daughter with an only child, a fine boy about four years old. You will recollect the country was an unbroken forest, and this was the domain of the savage tribes.

Judge W—— saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians, as he was nearly alone, and completely at their mercy. Accordingly he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feelings, and to secure them of his good will in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him; an aged chief of the Oneida tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at a distance of a dozen miles, had not been to see him, nor could he ascertain the views and feelings of the sachem in regard to his settlement in that region. At last he sent him a message, and the answer was that the chief would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment, the sachem came; Judge W—— received him with marked respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter and little boy. The interview that followed was interesting. Upon its result the Judge was convinced his security might depend, and he was exceedingly anxious to make a favorable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed his desire to settle in the country, and to live on terms of amity and good fellowship with the Indians, and to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

The chief heard him out, and then said—"Brother, you ask much, and you promise much. What pledge can you give of your faith? The white man's word may be good to the white man, yet it is wind when spoken to the Indian."

"I have put my life in your hands," said the Judge, "is not that an evidence of my good intention? I have placed confidence in the Indian, and will not believe that he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed."

"So much is well," replied the chief; "the Indian will repay confidence with confidence—if you will trust, he will trust you."

"Let this boy go with me to my wigwam—I will bring him back in three days with my answer!"

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother, she could not have felt a deeper pang than went to her heart, as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang forward, and running to the boy, who stood at the side of the sachem, looking in his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and pressing him to her bosom, was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with Judge W——. He knew that the success of their enterprise, the lives of his family, depended on the decision of a moment.

"Stay, stay, my daughter," he said.—"Bring back the boy, I beseech you. He is not more to you than to me. I would not risk a hair of his head. But, my child, he must go with the chief. God will watch over him! He will be as safe in the sachem's wigwam as beneath our own roof."

The agonized mother hesitated for a moment; she then slowly returned, and placing the boy on the knee of the chief, and kneeling at his feet, burst into a flood of tears.—The gloom passed from the sachem's brow, but he said not a word. He arose and departed.

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the ensuing days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from sleep, seeming to hear the screams of the child calling on its mother for help. But the time wore slowly away—and the third day came.—How slowly did the hours pass. The morning waned away—noon arrived—yet the sachem came not. There was a gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent. Judge W—— walked the floor to and fro, going to the door every few minutes and looking through the opening in the forest towards the sachem's abode.

At last the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the trees around, the eagle feathers of the chief were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance.—He advanced rapidly—and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief—his feet being dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver skin was on his shoulders, and eagle feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud of his honors that he seemed two inches taller than he was before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe. "The white man has conquered!" said the sachem, "hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted an Indian—he will repay you with confidence and friendship."

He was as good as his word; and Judge W—— lived for many years in peace with the Indian tribes, and succeeded in laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

Christmas---1794.

On that day, the stores and works in New York were nearly all shut up, a few belonging to the Friends in Pearl street excepted. Then, men had time to worship God; now, they have only time to worship Mammon—the golden calf in Wall street. Then, we had only two Banks, and not one Broker; now, we have thirty Banks, and ten times ten score of Brokers. Then, the floors were scrubbed and sprinkled with white sand from Coney Island; now, they are covered with cloth from Brussels and carpets from Turkey. Then, the people were happy; now, they live in splendid misery. Then, when the ladies had the headache, they dipped their heads in a pail of cold water and were cured; now, they pour out a bottle of Cologne water, to the cost of fifty cents, and yet the pain remains. Fifty years ago, I never heard of a bottle of Cologne being in the city; now, I am told that two hundred thousand dollars are spent annually on this useless drug. Fifty years ago, the daughters of able merchants and thriving mechanics would sing with the spinning wheel, and weave on the loom, like the daughters of men, when Rachel was a girl, and Jacob stood by his mother's knee; now, they sit humming a French air and jingling the piano, until they get the vapors in their bosoms. Then, the lasses wore woollen stockings and double-soled shoes, and lived to be eighty; now, they wear silk stockings and satin shoes, and before they have lived half their days the doctor and the grave-digger riot over their graves. Then, if we took a notion to get married, we finished our day's work at 7 P. M. as usual, got supper at 8, put on our Sunday cost, and the lassie on her summer hat, and at 9 we walked to Rev. Dr. John Rogers', in Pine street, or Rev. Bishop Provost's, in Vesey street; the Bishop's or the Doctor's man-servant and maid-servant were always dressed by 8, and ready to officiate as bridesmaid and grooms-man; and from their long experience in such matters, they could act their part up to nature. A Spanish dollar was the regular fee. We then walked home alone. Having caught the bird, we took her to the nest we had prepared for her. Perhaps we began with three rush-bottomed chairs, at twenty cents each; it was one more than we wanted; and we had our room, though small, to ourselves; our hearts knew their happiness, and no stranger intermeddled with our joys. Now, the bachelor of thirty-five takes his bird of fifteen to the public table of Madame B——'s boarding house, or that promiscuous group in Howard's Hotel, where she suffers from the stare of some impudent, brainless, blockhead, or is put to the blush by the insolent litter of a set of black whiskered, most consummate fools; and this is the refinement of the nineteenth century.

Now, my young friends, don't you think our old, sober-sided mode of doing this business was more natural, more pleasant, and more economical than the present bombast and gingle fashion? Why, I have known a parson to get a check of five hundred dollars for buckling a couple together. Fifty years ago, we got married, with all the sober realities of life on our backs, and at 8 o'clock found our breakfast ready, for the first time, by the hands of her we loved best. In this there was a pleasure unspeakable and sublime.—On Wednesday, we changed our nether frock, soiled with brick dust, coal smoke, or the labor of the plane, and perhaps a rent in the sleeve, or a button gone astray. On Saturday night we found the shirt clean and neatly folded, the rent mended and the stocking neatly darned, making them look *a'most as gude as new*. This was the labor of love.—A bachelor has this done for money, but the washerwoman embezzles his stockings, tears his collars, throws his vest to the winds, because she is a hireling. The money spent by your young clerks and mechanics, for board, washing, mending, tear, wear, and cabbaging, political clubs and smoking Spanish cigars, is more than sufficient to support himself and an industrious wife. Fifty years ago, Mrs. Washington knit stockings for her General; now, there are not fifty ladies in the city who can play that part, and hundreds know not how the apple gets into the heart of the dumpling.

Young folks smile when their grandfathers tell of the happy days of Auld Lang Syne. But certain it is that fifty years ago, the people of New York lived much happier than they do now. They had no artificial wants; only two banks; rarely gave a note; but one small play-house; no operas; no ottomans; few sofas or side-boards; and perhaps not six pianos in the city. Now, more money is paid to servants, in some of these five story houses, for rubbing, scrubbing, and polishing of brasses and furniture—for wiping, dusting and breaking glasses and china—than it took to support a decent family fifty years ago.—*Laurie Todd.*

An Indian Fighter.

The following testimony of a dying soldier we copy from the diary of Margaret Smith, of the colony of Massachusetts, some interesting extracts from which we find in the National Era.

June ye 10th, 1678.—I went this morning with Rebecca to visit Elnathan Stone, a young neighbor who had been lying sorely ill for a long time. He was a playmate of my cousin when a boy, and was thought to be of great promise as he grew up to manhood; but, engaging in the Warre with the Heathen, he was wounded and taken captive by them, and after much suffering was brought back to his home a few months ago. On entering the house where he lay, we found his mother, a care-worn and sad woman, spinning in the room by his bedside. A very great and bitter sorrow was depicted on her features; it was the anxious, unreconciled, and restless look of one who did feel herself tried beyond her patience, and might not be comforted.—For, as I learned, she had seen her young daughter tomahawked by the Indians; and now her only son, the hope of her old age, was on his deathbed. She received us with small civilitie, telling Rebecca that it was all along of the neglect of the men in authoritie that her son had got his death in the warres, inasmuch as it was the want of suitable diet and clothing, rather than his wounds, which had brought him into his present condition. Now, as Uncle Rawson is one of the principal magistrates, my sweet cousin knew that the poor afflicted creature meant to reproach him; but her good heart did excuse and forgive the rudeness and distemper of one whom the Lord had sorely chastened. So she spake kindly and lovingly, and gave her sundrie nice daintie fruits and comforting cordials which she had procured from Boston for the sick man. Then, as she came to the bedside, the poor young soldier pressed her hand with a very fervent grasp, thanking her for her many kindnesses, and praying God to bless her. He must have been a handsome lad in health, for he had a fair, smooth forehead, shaded with brown curling hair, and large blue eyes, verie sweet and gentle in their look. He told us that he felt himself growing weaker, and that at times his bodilie suffering was great. But through the mercy of his Saviour he had much peace of mind. He was content to leave all things in His hand. For his poor mother's sake, he said, more than for his own, he would like to get about once more; there were manie things he would like to do for her, and for all who had befriended him; but he knew his Heavenly Father could do more and better for them, and he felt resigned to His will. He had, he said, forgiven all who ever wronged him, and he had now no feeling of anger or unkindness left towards any one, for all seemed kind to him beyond his deserts, and like brothers and sisters. He had much pitie for the poor savages even, although he had suffered sorely at their hands, for he did believe that they had been often ill used, and cheated, and otherwise provoked to take up arms against us. Hereupon, goodwife Stone twirled her spindle very spitefully, and said she would as soon pity the Devil as his children. The thought of her mangled little girl and of her dying son did seem to overcome her, and she dropped her thread, and cried out with an exceeding bitter cry: "Oh, the bloody heathen! Oh, my poor murdered Molly! Oh, my son, my son!" "Nay, mother," said the sick man, reaching out his hand and taking hold of his mother's with a sweet smile on his pale face—"what does Christ tell us about loving our enemies, and doing good to them that injure us? Let us forgive our fellow-creature, for we have all need of God's forgiveness. I used to feel as mother does," he said, turning to us; "for I went into the warre with a design to spare neither young nor old of the enemy. But I thank God that even in that dark season my heart relented at the sight of the poor starving women and children, chased from place to place like partridges. Even the Indian fighters, I found, had sorrows of their own and grievous wrongs to avenge; and I do believe, if we had from the first treated them as poor blinded brethren, and striven as hard to give them light and knowledge, as we have to cheat them in trade, and to get away their lands, we should have escaped manie bloody warres, and won manie precious souls to Christ."

Touching Anecdote.—At a Teacher's Convention in Springfield, Mr. Sweetzer, in an eloquent speech, illustrated the force of example by the following striking anecdote:

A painter, while journeying, accidentally fell in with a most beautiful child and was so enraptured with its countenance that he resolved to paint it, and carried his determination into execution.

Hanging the painting in his studio, he made it his guardian, and when he was desponding, or angry, sought encouragement and calmness in gazing into its beautiful face. He thought if ever he could meet with its counterpart, he would paint that also.—Years passed away, and the painter succeeded in finding no one so infernally ugly-looking as to satisfy his idea of an opposite to his darling picture, but by chance while visiting a prison, after having almost given up in despair, he saw a young man stretched upon the floor of his cell in a perfect paroxysm of rage. This struck him as his desideratum, and he lost no time in transferring the face to canvass, and placing it side by side with his ideal of purity, innocence, and beauty.—And who, think you, was the original of his last painting? *The same that when a child, had furnished him with his long cherished and beautiful picture*, the innocent, happy and darling babe. The change had been wrought by the teachings he had been subjected to, and the examples set before him. Let us, said Mr. Sweetzer, 'take warning from this lesson, and do what we all can to rescue angels from becoming demons.'

Cruelty to Animals.—Cruelty to animals is one of the distinguishing vices of the lowest and basest of the people. Wherever it is found it is a certain mark of ignorance and meaness; an intrinsic mark which all the external advantages of wealth, splendor, and nobility cannot obliterate. It will consists neither with true learning nor true civility; and religion disclaims and detests it as an insult upon the majesty and goodness of God, who, having made the instinct of brute beasts minister to the improvement of the mind, as well as to the convenience of the body, hath furnished us with a motive to mercy and compassion towards them very strong and powerful, but too refined to have any influence on the illiterate or irreligious.

English Scenery.—The last number of the Christian Inquirer contains an interesting letter from the Rev. Mr. Bellows, from which we cull a brief extract:

"There is but one word descriptive of English scenery—England is one great garden. Every body says so, because nobody can say anything more or less. It looks much like the immediate neighborhood of Boston. Many slopes of gentle hillsides, or stretches of meadow, reminded us vividly of the undulations of Roxbury and Brookline, and the banks of the Charles, which is a very good sample of an English river of the *largest* size. To an American eye, accustomed only to the beginnings or progress of things, it is very delightful to come upon a country that is *finished*. The order, plan, and cultivation of English ground, seems perfect. You may ride fifty miles, and not see one neglected plot of land, one brokendown fence, one new building, one makeshift device. But amid all this perfection of agriculture, all this order and solidity, and finish of structure, it is painful to see how little room the people take up; how inferior their accommodations are; how small a feature the homes of the million form in the landscape. The dwellings of those who cultivate this soil are hardly higher than the hedges, and wear the look of stone-sheds or places for farming tools. We could not help continually asking where are the people, and where do they live, who do all this work?"

Be Firm.—The wind and the waves may beat against a rock, planted in a troubled sea, but it remains unmoved. Be you like the rock, young man. Vice may entice, and the song and the cup may invite, Beware. Stand firmly at your post. Let your principles shine forth unobscured. There is glory in the thought that you have resisted temptation and conquered. Your bright example will be to the world, what the light-house is to the mariner upon a sea shore. It will guide hundreds to the point of virtue and safety.

A Scotch paper tells a good story of a little urchin, who having just recovered from a severe illness, was sitting on a door step weeping bitterly.

'What are you crying for?' asked the passenger.

'My legs winna gang,' was the pathetic reply.

Agents for the "Bugle."

—:o:—

OHIO.

New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and I. Johnson.
Columbiana; Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes.
Marlboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield; John Wetmore.
Lowellville; John Bissell.
Youngstown; J. S. Johnson, and Wm J. Bright.
New Lyme; Marsena Miller.
Selma; Thomas Swayne.
Springboro; Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg; V. Nicholson.
Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson.
Columbus; W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown; Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg; Alex. Glenn.
Farmington; Willard Curtis.
Bath; J. B. Lambert.
Newton Falls; Dr. Homer Earle.
Ravenna; Joseph Carroll.
Hannah T. Thomas; Wilkesville.
Southington; Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnady.
Malta; Wm. Cope.
Richfield; Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Poor
Lodi; Dr. Sill.
Chester X Roads; H. W. Curtis.
Painesville; F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.
Granger; L. Hill.
Hartford; G. W. Bushnell.
Garrettsville; A. Joiner.
Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.
Achor Town; A. G. Richardson.

INDIANA.

Winchester; Clarkson Pucket.
Economy; Ira C. Maulsby.
Penn; John L. Michner.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pittsburgh H. Vashon.